

## The Family

### WHEN THE MASTER CALLS.

By Margaret Roy Radcliffe.

If the Lord should call in the morning,  
When life is ringing with glee,  
When the light is glinting with pleasure,  
Will I greet his coming for me?  
If I hear at breaking of day his voice,  
Shall I weep in fear, or will I rejoice?

Should the message be given at noon-  
tide,

When all life is eager with power,  
And beauty in richest abundance  
Is crowning each short, shining hour,  
Oh, will I be grieved at the Master's  
voice—  
Weeping and wailing, or shall I rejoice?

If the Master comes in the evening,  
When purple and gold fill the west,  
Will I be found willing and ready,  
And enter with joy on my rest?  
Through the evening glow should I hear  
his voice,  
Shall this soul of mine be glad and re-  
joice?

What if I am called in the midnight  
From the soft, folding arm of sleep;  
Shall I wake in great fear and trem-  
bling—

Shall I smile at his coming or weep?  
In the stillness shall I hear his voice  
And rise to his coming—shall I rejoice?

Have I seen in the dawn of the morn-  
ing

The lovelight in my Father's face,  
And garnered his mercies at noontide,  
At evening fruitions of grace?  
In the midnight still heard the Master's  
voice?

Then, come when he may, Oh, I shall  
rejoice.

—United Presbyterian.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RUBBER BALL.

Several months ago, when I was down in Para, near the mouth of the Amazon, I saw a ball of rubber, the story of which I am sure the boys would be glad to hear. I am going to let the ball tell its own story. Here it is:

"I am not city bred, so feel very much out of place in this big city, where everything is so different from what I am accustomed to. My home was in the dense forests of the upper Amazon, near Bolivia. Some time before my story begins men began to invade our country and take away all of us they could lay their hands on. They kept getting nearer and nearer to my home. One day a man came and built a little house right where I was to begin my existence—I was not yet born—and he cleared away the underbrush and made short trails out in different directions. Then, under a shed, he set two strong forked sticks in the ground, about four feet apart, leaving the forks about two feet above the earth. He then cut a stick two

inches in diameter and six feet long and placed it in the forks he had set in the ground. Next he took a very small hatchet, made specially for the purpose, and several dozens of little tin cups, made also for this work, and started out to get milk. Up there there are no cows, but there are certain trees that give milk, and most valuable trees they are, too. To get the milk he began making little hacks or cuts into the bark of the trees and sticking a little cup just below each cut to catch the milk as it came out drop by drop. He went on doing this until all the cups were used up. Then, returning to his shanty, the man took a bucket and began to collect the milk from the little cups. In a short time he came back with his bucket full of the precious milk. He then gathered up a quantity of a certain kind of fuel that makes a tremendous smoke, but no blaze, and made a fire right between the two forked sticks set in the ground and underneath the pole laid in the forks. Over this fire he next placed a cone-shaped sheet iron chimney about two feet high or a little less, to make the smoke all go just where he wished it. When this was all ready, the man began to turn slowly the stick in the forks and at the same time to put the milk, little by little, on the middle of the stick just where the smoke was striking it. After all the water had been evaporated from the milk, only pure rubber remained. With this first operation began my conscious existence. My story up to this point was told me by my nurse, the man who brought me up. He gave me, in the same way, that whole bucket of milk, although I was so small and not an hour old. By the time I had taken that bucket of milk I weighed about seven pounds. I was very healthy from the beginning. I never suffered from indigestion, although my daily allowance of milk was about two and a half gallons. I had not the least trouble with my teeth and escaped all the diseases of childhood. I grew very rapidly, as you can imagine. You could actually see me growing. I added to my weight nearly seven and a half pounds each day. My! that smoke and heat were something terrible. I just could not see a thing. I tried to get my nurse to leave that part off, but he would not hear to it. He said that no decent ball of rubber could be brought up without it. I know he was right, for I myself have seen other balls that did not have it, or much less than I did, and they were spoilt almost to death. They were simply horrid. So it seems that if we are to be worth anything in this world we must pass through the fire and the smoke.

"Well, at the end of five months I was a wonder to myself and to everybody else. I was a real curiosity—as big—round as tall up—no such baby ball had ever been seen in my neighborhood before. I weighed—I am almost afraid to tell you—1,100 pounds. You will not be surprised when I tell you that, up to that time, I had drunk no less than

400 gallons of milk, which was worth about \$1,100. So you see I am a valuable ball. I feel sure most of you boys would like to have a few balls like me.

"My nurse received, besides his salary, a present of \$175 in recognition of his faithfulness. When I was five months old it was decided I should go out to see and be seen, like all other well-trained rubber balls. My nurse went with me in a boat to the point where I could take the steamer. It took us twenty-five days to get to where the steamer came. It was a long, tedious trip. It seemed to me our journey would never end. I had no idea the world was half so big. Finally we reached the place. I felt rather frightened when I saw that monster, the steamer. I had never seen nor imagined such a thing. When our boat got alongside there was a great stir on board. I could not make out at first what the trouble was, but it soon began to dawn on me that I had caused a sensation about as great as the steamer had caused me. I was the center of attraction, and every one was asking every one else: 'Have you seen the baby elephant? Have you seen 'Fatty'?"

"I was sorry to have to part with my nurse. He felt it, too, very keenly. He had done all he could for me. He had learned to love me almost like a son.

"Soon everything was in a bustle. The boat was to leave at a certain hour, and all the balls had to be hustled on board. The notice I had attracted had turned my head a little, and I was beginning to look with some disdain on other balls that were to embark also. I soon had all that foolishness knocked out of me. All of us were dumped, without the least ceremony, into the dark, damp hold of the steamer. I was furious. I had never been used to any such treatment. To think, too, that I had been put in there with the common herd! It was more than I could bear. I gave free vent to my outraged feelings, and many other balls joined with me. We made it warm down there for awhile. However, our anger began to wear off, and I felt a little ashamed of myself for having given way so to my feelings. I soon found that, though the other balls were not as large as I was, still many were just as well trained and a deal better behaved. I began to realize that, while I was not responsible for my surroundings, I was for my conduct. I saw I ought to make the best of the situation, so I began to try to make everything as pleasant as possible for my companions. It is remarkable how many pleasant people you can find when you are trying to be pleasant yourself. By the time our boat was well under way I had made the acquaintance of a number of nice, companionable balls, and before we got to Para, the end of my first 3,000 miles, we were all quite well acquainted. Of course, all the balls were not of the best society—not of the 'F. F. V.' class, as we say in Virginia. I could not make some of them my companions, but I could treat them